

LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

VOL. I.]

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BY

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AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

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INEBRIATION:

A MORAL TALE.

"Then you think, Eliza, that Mr. Cuthbertson cannot make a good husband?"

Eliza was silent.

"I am sure he loves me."

"I do not doubt it," said Eliza.

"Is he not amiable?"

"He is."

"Then what objection can you have to him?"

"Mr. Cuthbertson's failing is so well known, that I need not mention it. I own him to be handsome, genteel, and witty, and possessed of many amiable qualities; but, in my opinion, this one vice overbalances all these advantages, and makes me tremble to see a highly esteemed friend on the eve of giving her hand to him in marriage."

"Oh! Eliza, is not this cruel when you know I have gone too far to recede?"

"I did not know, Mary, that you had gone too far to recede. God knows I am sorry for it." The tear that fell on Eliza's work, spoke more forcibly than words, and Mary felt it on her heart. She hid her face on the arm of the sofa, and burst into tears.

"Oh! Mary, how I am distressed to see you thus. If your heart is so deeply engaged, if your word is given, what more can be said on the subject? Alas! what indeed? if you are no longer at liberty to reject him, then the die is cast."

"I have given no actual promise to Mr. Cuthbertson. I have not said in plain terms, 'I love you;' but I have given him reason to think I do: would it not be both cruel then and unjust to destroy these hopes?"

Eliza, eager to save her friend from what she considered impending ruin, was going to reply, when Mr. Cuthbertson and Mr. Brooker, the father of Mary, entered, and put a stop to the conversation.

Mary Brooker and Eliza Mortimer were the only children of two respectable merchants; they had been educated together, and loved each other as sisters. They were equally lovely, sensible, and accomplished. Mary was at this time addressed by Mr. Cuthbertson, the only son of an old gentleman, who had realized a genteel fortune in the mercantile line. He had given his son a liberal education, who had just returned from making the tour of Europe, when he was first introduced to Miss Brooker. His many amiable qualities secured him the esteem of all who knew him; and it was with astonishment and regret, that they discovered he was addicted to the disgusting vice of drinking. In vain did this unhappy young man form resolutions of amendment, and make the most solemn vows to abstain from wine. Like all those who rely on their own strength alone, he sinned, and repented, and sinned again. Every temptation which he attempted to resist, but at last fell a prey to, left him weaker and weaker, and more a slave to this fatal habit.

Mr. Brooker left Mr. Cuthbertson for some time with the young ladies. Eliza heard with mingled pity, regret, and astonishment, a conversation, on many subjects, supported, with energy, wit, and good sense, by the very person, who, in the evening, might so far forget the dignity of his nature, as to degrade himself to a level with the brute creation.

As she foreboded, so it happened; Mr. Cuthbertson made himself so ridiculous before a numerous party at Mr. Mortimer's house that very evening, that Mr. Brooker commanded his daughter to think no more of him,

if she valued her own and her father's peace of mind; and next morning, he sent a note to him, declining, in as gentle terms as possible, the honour of his addresses to his daughter.

The rose faded from the cheek of Mary, and all her former vivacity fled; but she firmly adhered to her father's commands, and would neither see Mr. Cuthbertson, nor hear from him. Eighteen months had almost passed since she had seen him. She had in that time followed to the altar, as bride-maid, her friend, Eliza; and saw her happily settled, the wife of an excellent man.

A gentleman of the name of Herby importuned Mary with his addresses. He was esteemed by Mr. Brooker, and it was generally believed, she would be his wife. She was one day alone in her father's parlour, when Mr. Cuthbertson suddenly appeared before her. He was in deep mourning, and looked very pale and ill.

"Pardon this unwelcome intrusion, Miss Brooker," said he, in a dejected voice. Mary knew he had lost his father, and she could not find in her heart to insult his sorrow by unnecessary severity; but she felt much at a loss how to answer him. She blushed, and hesitated.

"I come but to ask one question, Mary; that answered, I shall for ever rid you of so disagreeable a visitor. Answer me with your wonted candour—and then, farewell forever!—Are you to be the wife of Mr. Herby?"

"No," returned Mary, faltering, and trembling, "I am not to be the wife of Mr. Herby."

A ray of pleasure lighted up the dim eyes of Mr. Cuthbertson. "Oh! Mary," he exclaimed, seizing her willing hand, "you restore me to life. I thought my doom was fixed. Behold me at your feet, a reformed, a repentant creature! Watching at the death-bed of a beloved parent, for many weeks, I have learned a lesson I never can forget. I have for ever renounced the abominable vice which debased me. If you are still disengaged, may I not hope to attain again the heart which once was mine? May I

not speak to your father? Try me—put me to the test for a year, for a longer period of time—do not cast me utterly off!"

Mary loved; and she believed. Mr. Brooker was again addressed on the subject; and finding his daughter's affections so firmly engaged, and Cuthbertson, to all appearance a reformed man, he at last gave his consent.

For a whole year Mr. Cuthbertson behaved with the utmost propriety, and seemed completely cured of his former follies. At the expiration of the twelvemonth, he received the hand of Mary, and thought himself the happiest of men.

Some weeks after their union, Mr. Brooker was taken suddenly ill; and, in a few days, breathed his last in the arms of his daughter and her husband. Under this severe affliction, Mary turned to her husband for consolation, and found, on his affectionate and sympathising bosom, a balm for all her sorrows. To make home more delightful to Mary, and to share all the delights of home with her, seemed the first wish of Mr. Cuthbertson's heart. But, alas! these lovely scenes of domestic happiness lasted not long. Mary was nursing her first child, a lovely little girl, when her husband fell in with a man he had known abroad, and who had often been not only the companion, but the instigator also, of his intoxication.

This man had squandered away, in guilty pleasures, a plentiful fortune; to supply his necessities, he became a constant attendant at the gaming table and at last joined himself to a gang of sharpers. He found it no difficult task to impose on the good-nature of Mr. Cuthbertson; but had he trusted to his good-nature and generosity, and made known his wants, he would have found him able and willing to relieve them; but mean and narrow-minded himself, he had no idea of such noble sentiments existing in the mind of another, and took what he considered a surer course.

He exerted all the art of which he was master, and by slow, but sure degrees, allured his victim back to his bottle, from thence to the gaming table.

Mary observed with bitter regret the deplorable change in her beloved husband, and with the most patient sweetness, and endearing attentions, endeavoured to recall the unhappy wanderer back to home and happiness.

Alas! in vain! The more his conscience upbraided him, he flew only the more eagerly to drown reflection in intemperance; and before his child was eight months old, he had become not only indifferent, but harsh to his once idolized Mary.

Many a night, the aching head of Mary pressed not her pillow. With trembling, unequal steps, she paced her chamber, or bathed the face of her lovely infant with tears of anguish.

"Alas! my child!" she would exclaim, "early was I deprived of a mother's care, but I felt not the loss; my excellent father was every thing to me! But what will become of thee, my innocent babe, when I am no more? Alas! thou hast no father's care to expect; and a broken heart will soon deprive thee of a mother's!"

One winter morning, about one o'clock, she was surprised by the sudden appearance of her husband, when she little expected him. His gloomy and haggard looks alarmed her; and she clasped the child to her bosom with a look of dismay. She wore the picture of this unworthy husband suspended by a very valuable gold chain, the gift of her father. The picture had just been taken off, and lay on the table. He eagerly seized it, and wrested it from the chain. "Spare me this," exclaimed Mary, stretching out her hand for the picture. "I need it—I must have it," said Cuthbertson, his sunk eye sparkling with fury. The unhappy Mary guessed too readily why it was needed; she immediately collected her remaining jewels, and gave them into his hand, with the chain, retaining only the picture, which she hung round her neck by a simple black riband. "This," she sighed out in broken accents, "this shall follow me to the grave, the only memorial of your love, of our days of happiness!"

Her words pierced the heart of her guilty husband. His clenched hand struck wildly his haggard forehead. "Mary, I have wronged you, deeply wronged you! Can you forgive me?" She laid her little girl on a couch, and fell into the arms of her husband. With the most endearing tenderness, she won from him an account of his losses, and got some insight into the desperate state of his affairs. Of his own once ample fortune, and that which she brought him, nothing remained but the house they lived in.

"Let us, my dear Charles, sell this house and furniture; let us take a small farm in the country, and quit the town forever!"

"Angelic creature! can you endure this change? can you bear the guilty wretch who has ruined all your prospects, who has entailed poverty on this little innocent?"

"Come with us to the country, my love! fly this town, overcome this fatal habit, and your too happy Mary will never have cause to murmur."

The jewels of Mary were sold to pay the *honourable* debts of her repentant husband, and the money sent to his very *honourable* associates. In a short time, their house, carriage, &c. were disposed of, and every thing settled for their departure to the country. Again the smile of hope dimpled the pale cheek of Mary; and Charles Cuthbertson seemed altogether another man.

They went to the house of her friend Eliza, to spend two days with her before they left town to take possession of their farm. The first evening they were with her, her husband was unavoidably engaged abroad, and Mr. Cuthbertson was out, settling his business in town. The night advanced, and Mary grew alarmed at his now unusual stay. Mr. Monat, the husband of Eliza arrived, and looked uneasy when he found his guest absent. The night wore heavily away, but still her kind friends sat with the now sadly foreboding Mary.

The first dawn of day brought Mr. Cuthbertson to them. How changed!—his looks were wild and haggard, despair and horror were written in gloomy characters on his contracted brow, and some dreadful purpose seemed forming in his mind.

In an agony not to be described, Mary flew to him; but he pushed her back violently. A pistol, concealed under his great-coat, went suddenly off, and lodged its deadly contents in her side. She sunk to the ground; her flowing blood staining her white dress—the surrounding objects fading from her death-closing eye, and strange murmurs ringing on her ear, which was quickly shutting out every earthly sound. One look, one last look! full of compassion, heavenly pity, and forgiving tenderness, beamed on the wretched man, from that speaking eye, ere it closed for ever.

A long indulged habit can hardly ever be completely overcome. Mr.

Cuthbertson had left his friends to receive the money which the sale of his house had produced. His old associates knew this, and were on the watch. He had bound himself by the most solemn promises to abstain from drinking, and from the gaming-table; but

"Vain are the kopes the sons of men
Upon their strength have built."

Though in his heart, he believed himself for ever freed from these abominable vices, and fancied he abhorred them, the event showed how little he could depend upon his own strength. They allured him to drink a last farewell with them; from thence they won him to the gaming-table, nor did he leave it, till he had lost the last farthing which he possessed in the world; the ball, which had lodged in the heart of Mary, was intended for his own head.

Who may describe the dreadful state of mind in which this unhappy man remained, when, after a tedious trial, he was acquitted of any intention of murdering his wife!

Heaven permitted him to live, and he durst not again lift up his impious hand against his own life. Afraid to die, yet scarcely able to endure existence, he dragged on a miserable life, a prey to the most poignant remorse, and unceasing anguish. The worm which never dies gnawed away his heart; and the loss of reason would have been to him a merciful dispensation of Heaven.

Oh! ye, who love the cup of intoxication, dash the poisonous beverage from your lips; for the draught is deadly! Reflect, ere it be too late! Beware, lest ye also perish!

The following is extracted from an old English Magazine for July, 1781. It may serve to show to the people of New-England, in March, 1820.

"THE ILL CONSEQUENCES OF PRIDE."

"A young lady of rank and fortune went out to walk in her father's woods. 'Pray Madam said the grey-headed steward, 'may I humbly intreat that you will not go far from home: you may meet with strangers who are ignorant of your quality.' 'Give your advice,' answered she, 'when desired. I admit of no instructions from servants.' She walked on with satisfaction, enjoying a clear sky and a cool

breeze. Fatigue seized her, regardless of high birth; and she sat down on a smooth spot at the side of a high road, expecting some equipage to pass, the owner of which would be proud to convey her home. After long waiting, the first thing she saw was an empty chaise, conducted by one who had formerly served her father as a postilion. 'You are far from home, Madam, will you give me leave to set you down at my old master's?' —'Prithee, fellow be not officious.' Night was fast approaching, when she was accosted by a countryman on horseback, 'Mistress will you get up behind me? Dobbin is sure-footed, you shall be set down where you will, if not far off, or much out of my way.' 'Mistress!' exclaimed she, 'how dare you presume?' —'No offence,' said the young man, and rode away, humming the song, I love Sue.

It was night: the clouds gathered, the leaves of the trees rustled; and the young woman was terrified with what she took for strange sounds. There came an old man driving an empty dung cart. 'Friend,' said she, with a humble accent, will you let me go with you?

Pride is the most galling burden a person can walk under. Prudence saves from many a misfortune: pride is the cause of many.

—
FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

DOMESTIC SKETCHES. NO. III.

Dear Friend,—Since I wrote you last, I have passed through several, I had almost said fiery trials. The chief subject of conversation, wherever I meet my friends and relatives is matrimony. They give very broad hints that it is high time for me to taste the sweets of this delightful condition. I have been introduced to several ladies in this neighbourhood, as suitable for me, in point of age, character and situation.

Among the rest there is a very respectable widow, left with a decent property and five lovely children. She is about forty years of age, of very pleasing manners; and I cannot avoid thinking, that if I had met her eighteen or twenty years ago, that I

might have been induced to strike up a bargain with her; but now I consider it is too late.

Another is a reputable maiden lady, who passes for thirty; but I conjecture from one or two wrinkles, and from her wearing false hair, that this computation falls short of the truth by ten years, at least; and consequently, that it is too late.

But now comes the chief disappointment. An amiable, sensible, beautiful lady of twenty one has captivated my heart. Not being able to ascertain that she was under any engagement, I ventured to write to her last week, offering to throw myself and my fortune at her feet, as entirely her own. But my feelings were indescribable, when I received the following billet, written with her own fair hand.

"Respected Sir,—Yours of yesterday I received, and am not a little surprised at the contents. Were it directed to Mrs. instead of Miss; and did it not contain too many flattering compliments on "youth and beauty," I should suppose it was meant for my widowed grandmother, with whom I reside, instead of myself.

I feel greatly obliged to you for the good opinion, you entertain of me; but must inform you, that in addition to the disparity of our ages, an engagement to a gentleman, nearly of my own age, entered into two weeks ago, renders your proposal a fortnight too late.

I am respectfully,
Your friend,
AMELIA —."

Such being my present situation, when or where you will hear from me again, it is impossible for me to foretell. My present intention is to visit my nephew in New Hampshire, who has been married about eight or ten years, and to send you a sketch of his family.

Yours sincerely,
CELEBS.

A FRAGMENT.

The inhabitants of the hut had sitten up long beyond their usual time, and were now wishing each other "a happy night," and preparing for their humble pallets, when the door suddenly burst open, and the figure of a man almost naked and covered with blood, which, mixed with salt water, streamed from his hair and the tattered remains of his shirt and trowsers, rushed in, stared wildly around, pointed to the sea-shore, uttered a deep groan, and fell senseless on the floor.

Too familiar with shipwrecks, they immediately conceived what had happened, and left the hut, pressing eagerly to the sea shore. The darkness of the night entirely baffled every attempt to discover if a vessel had really come on the coast; no sound could be distinguished, but the loud roaring of the wind, and the fearful dashing of the waves, as they climbed the rugged rocks. They returned to the cottage, where old Mansy, too feeble to accompany them, remained busied about the stranger. He raised him in his trembling arms, wrung the salt water from his hair, tied up his wounds, and laid him on a couch, made up of straw and blankets, on the floor. The people, who had now returned, assisted him in his office of humanity; and the stranger slowly recovered the use of speech. "Where am I?" said he, looking wildly around. They informed him. With a deep sigh, he closed his eyes, and remained for some time silent; at last, with great effort, he raised himself on one arm, and thus addressed the people around him.

"The faint remains of life are fast ebbing from my bosom. I find I am shipwrecked on the very island where I was born. O! how just are the decrees of heaven! To that happy home which I spurned, to that parent whom I abandoned, have I returned, poor! miserable! in the agonies of death! My name is Magnus —, of the parish of —, in the isle of —. I had a happy home, the kindest, best of fathers; but, fool that I was! led astray by the criminal indulgence of a fatal passion, I abandoned both. I followed the object of my idolatry to France; even got admittance to the convent where she was placed; and, —do I live to speak of it with composure? Ah! what are the pleasures of the world, even its dearest, loveli-

est charm, *mutual love*, to an expiring sinner?—and—found I was beloved! passionately beloved! What! the son of a Thulean fisherman, ignorant, illiterate, wild as those winds which had sung lullaby to his infant ear, rude as those waves on which he had been so often rocked in the days of childhood, loved by the fairest piece of created nature! loved by her, who joined the wisdom of age to all the modest and innocent loveliness of youth; by her who had been loved in courts, and courted by princes! Yes! I was loved, and resolved to become worthy of such exalted happiness. Every energy of my soul was awakened in the pursuit of two objects, the acquisition of knowledge, and the accumulation of wealth. The sum left for my use, in my native country, by the generous angel who loved me, multiplied as if by magic. My eager ear drank in the voice of instruction, and my hitherto uncultivated mind expanded with wonderful facility. Ah! what availed it? this pure exalted passion, this expansion of intellect, only hardened my heart, and darkened my soul. It hardened my heart, for I was indifferent to my father; it darkened my soul, for I knew of no heaven but in the company of Antoinetta; and the homage, due to my Creator alone, was lavished on an earthly idol. This guilt was punished, dreadfully punished! Antoinetta had no near relation alive; she was sole heiress of an immense fortune; but her guardian and her friends kept a watchful eye over her. Her guardian had long loved her, or her fortune; stung with jealous madness at his disappointment, and at what he thought so disgraceful a union, he bribed my Antoinetta's butler to poison the wine I drank at our marriage dinner. Through some fatal mistake, my angelic bride drank it; it was of a violent nature; she immediately sickened, and in great agony, died in my arms. O! moment of distraction!—but it will be soon forgotten!—Her guardian and friends accused me of poisoning her; I was thrown into a dungeon, where I languished for many years, till some political revolution opened my prison doors. In the unbroken solitude of my noisome confinement, I had leisure to reflect on my unnatural conduct to my father.

My heart was torn by remorse, and I eagerly desired liberty, that I might once again see him, and pour out the

confessions of filial tenderness and penitence at his feet. I was released from my prison; but I was doomed not to see my father. On my way to England, I was taken prisoner by an Algerine pirate, and became the miserable slave of infidels. Here I reflected on the purity and beauty of that religion, of which I had been so unworthy a professor. I was here, in a land where the name of my Saviour was not known, that my heart first truly acknowledged him. I at length made my escape from Algiers, and reached England. From thence I embarked in a vessel from Thuile. We sailed for some days with a prosperous wind and fine weather. This afternoon, the wind rose to a hurricane. I knew we were not far from Sumburgh-head, but the captain of the vessel insisted that we were. Night came on. The storm raged with increased fury, and the vessel struck on a rock, and went to pieces. I know not if any but myself are saved. I have lived to recount my melancholy history, to give a warning example of the certain punishment which awaits the guilty. Alas! I have not lived to see my father—perhaps he longer lives!" "My son! my beloved son!" sobbed out the withered and wretched figure which hung over the dying man.

"You my father! yes, yes, I know—It is not age, it is not poverty that has brought you to this; no! it was your son—your only child!—yet—forgive!'" He clasped convulsively the hand of his father, and in a few minutes ceased to breathe. One grave contains the bodies of the father and the son.

AFFECTING HISTORY,
OF THE COUNT DE PELTZER.

The Count de Peltzer, an officer in the Prussian service, was the only son of a widow near sixty years old. He was handsome, brave to an excess, and deeply in love with Mademoiselle de Benskow. She was in her eighteenth year, gentle, pretty, and born with an extreme sensibility. Her lover, just turned of twenty, was loved with a passion equal to his own, and the day was fixed to make them happy. It was the 20th of June 1773.

The Prussian troops are always ready to take the field; and the 17th of June, at ten o'clock at night, the Count's regiment received orders to march at midnight for Silesia. He

was at Berlin, and his mistress at a country house four leagues from the town. He set off consequently without seeing her; and he wrote to her from the first place where he stopped, that it was impossible for him to live without her; that it was essential to his happiness that she should follow him immediately, and that they should be married in Silesia. He wrote at the same time to her brother, who was his most intimate friend, to plead his cause with her parents. She set out then accompanied by this brother, and by her lover's mother. Never did the sands of Brandenburg appear so heavy as to this charming girl; but at length the journey ended, and she arrived at the town of Herstadt; it was in the morning, and 'never,' said her brother to me, 'did my eyes see a woman lovelier than my sister: the exercise of the journey had added to her bloom, and her eyes painted what passed in her heart.' But, O human prospects! How deceitful are you! How near often is the moment of wretchedness to the moment of felicity! The carriage is stopped to let pass some soldiers, who advancing with slow steps, bore in their arms a wounded officer. The tender heart of the young lady was affected at the sight; she little suspected it was her lover.

Some Austrian foragers had approached this town, and the young Count went out to repulse them. Burning to distinguish himself, he rushed with ardour before his troops, and fell the victim of his unhappy impetuosity.

To describe to you the situation of this unfortunate young woman would be to insult at once your heart and your imagination. Her lover is placed in his bed; the mother is at his feet, and his mistress holds his hand. 'O Charlotte,' cried he, opening a dying eye - he wanted to speak; but his voice broke, and he melted into tears. His tone had pierced the soul of his mistress; she lost her senses, and 'No, I will not survive you,' cried she, quite frantic, and seizing a sword. They disarmed her; and he made a sign with his hand that they should bring her to his bed-side. She came: he grasped her arm; and, after two painful efforts to speak, he says with a sob, 'Live, my Charlotte, to comfort my mother,' and expires.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death - the brave live on.

ON POLITENESS.

"The politeness of the ladies consists not in those affected manners which they borrow only to appear more precise. Whatever be their character, they ought not to be startled when men offer them civilities, or pay them some flattering compliments. It is a worn-out policy to feign severity, or a scrupulous pride, at the least attention shown them. We may venture to affirm, that those who take offence in this way, and are more austere, as we endeavour to overcome them by kindness are not so modest as they effect to appear; these little arts avail them but little."

"The most polite ladies who really have merit, and who pride themselves upon their beauty, can scarcely conceal their vexation, when other ladies who are thought handsome are praised in their hearing; they examine with an ill-natured curiosity every feature of their faces, to find consolation in some irregularity or defect. The discovery is a kind of triumph, and they cannot help seeing some marks of malignant joy in the hope they have, that they shall be able to outshine their rival; but all the disobligeing language they can use, far from heightening their own merit, only brings upon them contempt. They think the world applauds them while laughing in their faces."

"Women have long been preached to upon the subject of slander, to very little purpose; the most engaging motives have been without effect. They are taking root in it, and it is become an established custom among them to assault reputations, to censure the most innocent actions, and to represent them to the world under the most glaring colors; this is a total want of politeness, and argues a considerable degree of malignity!"

"Handsome women are content with being thought handsome, and easily flatter themselves that they have a superiority over those who have only mental accomplishment to boast. They are so intoxicated with the intense lavished on them by sycophants, who are ever studying to please them, that they insensibly contract haughty and supercilious airs, very opposite to that politeness of manners which they ought to observe, and which would give additional lustre to their charms. These imperious airs stir up other women to league together offensively

and defensively against them; they scrutinize in turn into their conduct, and never pardon the faults they commit. It is a delicate thing to usurp the empire of beauty; every one who thinks herself interested becomes a dangerous rival, and will set uncommon springs in motion, to defend her right, and free herself from a usurpation so odious, and so opposite to her own pride."

ABBE DE BELLGARDE.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE DESULTORY CONTRIBUTOR.

NO. I.

There is no kind of publication, that contributes so much towards diffusing a taste for literature among all classes of mankind as those termed periodical. They not only embody a great variety of entertaining matter, but also a fund of much useful information, and provided they are properly conducted, render no inconsiderable aid in reforming the morals, improving the manners, and enlightening the minds of the rising generation. In consequence of my firm belief in this, I have always considered it a duty incumbent on me, as well as on others, to give something, if nothing more than a mite, towards supporting any publication that meets the approbation of myself and others, particularly so when it is established in my own neighbourhood, and if I am not able to afford assistance to but one publication, it is with me an invariable law, equal to any of the Medes and Persians, to give what I have to give, to that publication nearest me. As I have used the pronoun I, several times, perhaps my editor, and readers would like very well to know who I am. I will tell you.

I am what is termed in New-England a 'Squire, because I hold a commission as a justice of the peace in the good old county of Middlesex, and because I can lend to any of my kind neighbours a five dollar bill when called upon. I reside on the spot that doubtless has remained where it now

is, ever since the island of Atlantis arose from the ocean. In my official capacity to be sure I have very little to attend to, which is indeed very happy for me considering all things, and when disputes arise between any of my good townsmen, I give them my sound advice, which is generally adhered to. I frequently quiet many a quarrel, by patiently hearing what each party has to advance, and when called upon for my decision, I gravely observe that "much might be said upon both sides."

Thus following the fine example of the worthy Sir Roger de Coverly, whom I have the vanity to think I somewhat resemble, I have the pleasure of restoring peace and harmony among my neighbours. That there is some similitude between me and Sir Roger, I will state as a fact that I am a Bachelor, that cannot be called young, and that there is in my vicinity a widow whom I have had my eyes upon for several years past. I once made love to her, but owing to some unaccountable cause or other, I have received no answer from her as yet. I would state my exact age, but I fear the widow would see it, which would injure me much in a very tender point, she being a constant reader of your paper.

You may hear from me again perhaps, whenever I may happen to be in a mood for scribbling.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

LETTER,

FROM AN APPRENTICE TO HIS PARENTS.

Boston, March 21st, 1820.

Dear Parents,—One of the cautions you gave me, when I commenced my apprenticeship, was to avoid becoming too much attached to theatrical amusements. This, I hope, I shall have the grace to regard, as I ought. Agreeably to your permission, I went last night to see the tragedy of George Barnwell performed. This is one of

the few plays, which I have heard you speak of with approbation.

Having never seen the inside of a theatre before, you will readily conceive, that the scenery and other objects struck me with no small degree of surprise. I was soon, however, enabled so far to get rid of the first impression, as to attend particularly to the sentiments of the play, and to the manner, in which they were enforced by the performers; and I must confess the representation had an influence on my mind, in favour of virtue and piety, which I pray heaven may never be erased.

Having never previously seen a theatrical performance, I cannot of course compare these actors with others, or judge at what a degree of perfection, a person may arrive in this art. But, judging from my own feelings, I must say, that the principal characters were well sustained; and the respectable, though not very numerous audience appeared to be highly gratified.

The afterpiece, called "The Forty Thieves," has much more show than substance in it; but as far as scenery, machinery, and dress are capable of affording amusement; so far I apprehend this spectacle, deserves commendation. Mr. Worrall, in this department, displays uncommon talents, both in design and execution.

Among so many persons, as are necessarily engaged in this exhibition, it is to be expected that some will be deficient in their parts. On the whole, however, so far as I may be allowed to give my young and inexperienced judgment, I think the acting was good.

Though this amusement is very attracting, I hope you need be under no apprehension, that I shall be led away by it, to the neglect of the duty, which I owe to myself, to my parents, to my master, and above all to my Heavenly Father.

Your affectionate son,

A—B—

BOSTON,

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1820.

RECENT OCCURRENCES.

The schooner Quaker sailed from Boston, Feb 28th with cables and cordage for the Columbus 74, fitting for sea in the Chesapeake waters. On the morning of the 6th of March, she was struck by a squall and capsized, in lat. 37, 35, lon. 75, 40, and the passengers and crew washed overboard. William Miller, the mate, hauled himself into the main crosstrees, where he found four others. The mate and his four companions, remained in their perilous situation till Tuesday the 7th when three perished with cold and fatigue. The mate and his surviving companion remained, without a prospect of escape from death, until the forenoon of Wednesday, March 8th, when the brig James, Capt. Harradon, took them from the wreck and brought them into Providence, R. I.

A CARD.

Capt. Hull, senior Naval Officer on this station, having received the melancholy information of the loss of the schooner Quaker, by which event the service and the country have been deprived of Lieutenant Commandants John Pettigrew and Samuel P. Mecomber, Midshipman William Boden, and thirty eight excellent Seamen, requests that the Officers on this station would wear crape on the left arm for thirty days, as a testimony of respect for their brother officers who have unfortunately perished, and regret for those brave men who shared the same fate.

Navy-Yard, Charlestown, March 18.

An advertisement, in a late Dublin paper, mentions a new invented coach, impelled by steam and air pressure, whose motion is equal to 13 Irish miles an hour.

We are happy to learn by the papers that Miss Turner proposes to continue her school for the instruction of children of both sexes in the accomplishment of dancing. While Boston can boast such domestick talent, industry and worth, there is little need of importations from foreign countries.

We notice with pleasure a "Prospectus of the Euterpeiad, or Musical Intelligencer," the publication of which is to commence on the first of April next, and to be continued weekly. Four large quarto pages of musical matter, are to be delivered to subscribers on Saturdays, at two dollars fifty cents a year. Non-subscribers 6 1-4 cents each. Such are the musical taste, erudition and judgment of the conductors of the proposed work, that we feel fully aauthorized to predict that it will be deserving of liberal patronage.

There was a destructive fire at Chillicothe, Ohio, on the 25th last.

Michael Powers, the supposed murderer of Timothy Kennedy has been taken in Philadelphia. When taken into custody, he had 104 guineas sewed in his clothing. The governor of Massachusetts has sent to the governor of Pennsylvania, requesting that P. may be delivered over to the authority of this state.

Savannah, March 8th. "Thefts, store breaking, and attempts at setting fire have become so common in this city, that it is almost impossible to particularize them."

Brother Jonathan has a *notion*, that if the New-York donations had been distributed according to the request of the donors, there would have been, in the city of Savannah, less of that necessity, which knows no law, and of that hunger, which will break through stone walls.

We learn that the questions of law, reserved at the trial of the "Scituate Pirates," at the October term 1818, have recently been determined against the prisoners. They will of course receive sentence of death, in May next.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL

Monday, March 20.

George Barnwell.—Forty Thieves.

Wednesday, March 23.

Snow Storm.—Wags of Windsor.—Night Watch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Englishman, who complains that we have not sufficiently noticed the death of the late king George III, is informed, that we highly respect the character of his late majesty and that of his late royal consort. We also respect the character of the late duke of Kent, so far as it has been delineated to us. Were it otherwise, we should adopt the trite maxim, "*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum.*" As to the difficulty between the present king and queen of England, we can only say, that it is an affair in which we are not immediately interested; that we are sorry there is any misunderstanding between them; that we hope they will both reform, if they have done amiss; and have a long and happy reign together, setting a good example to their own subjects and to the world.

The Frenchman, who requests us to give a more full and particular account of the assassination of the duke of Berri, will be pleased to accept our condolence on this melancholy occasion. We assure him that we as sincerely regret, that this has taken place, as can be expected from persons, belonging to another nation, and living at such a distance. But as our paper is not devoted to news or politicks, both these foreign gentlemen will allow us to flatter ourselves, that

we can fill our columns as much to the satisfaction of our subscribers, as even the king of England or France, or any of their subjects could do it.

We have many communications on file for which the authors are sincerely thanked. They shall receive as early attention as possible.

THEATRE.—On Monday eve, March 27 will be performed *GUSTAVUS VASA*. To which will be added the afterpiece of *CINDERELLA*. For the benefit of Mr. Worrall.

MARRIED,

In Washington city, Samuel Lawrence Governor, Esq. of New York, to Miss Maria Hester Monroe, youngest daughter of the President of the United States.

At Nantucket, Mr. E. L. Frothingham, of this town, to Miss Eunice Swain.

In Framingham, Mr. Otis Fairbanks of this town, to Miss Eliza Brewer.

At Norwich, New-York, Mr. John F. Hubbard, *Editor* of the Norwich Journal, to Miss Almira Mead.

In Romulus, N. Y. Mr. Ebenezer Mack, *Editor* of the American Journal, to Miss Eleanor Dey.

At Clinton, N. Y. Mr. Lewis H. Redfield, *Editor* of the Onondago Register, to Miss Ann Maria Tredwell.

In Chillicothe, Ohio, Mr. John C. Andrews, Jun. *Editor* of the Weekly Recorder, to Miss Mary B. Orr.

Mr. John Scott, Jun. *Editor* of the Sciota Gazette, to Miss Ann Berhards.

In Delaware N. Y. Mr. James S. Linn, *Editor* of the Western Intelligencer, to Miss Lamira Pettibone.

Mr. David Maclean, *Editor* of the Greenburgh Gazette, to Miss Jane Morrow.

In this town,—Mr. Stephen Arms, to Miss Rebecca W. Bradley.

Mr. George Kingsbury, to Miss Eliza McElroy.

DIED,

In Savannah, the celebrated *Albiness*. In Scotland, the mother of Robert Burns, the poet, aged 82.

In this town,—Miss Lucy Maria Newton, aged 18.

Thomas Elliot Wells.

Charles Waters.

Mr. Henry Throop, aged 54.

Capt. Joseph Johnson, jr. 24.

Richard Hyde Hough, 4.

Mrs. Mary Francis, 55.

Mr. Thomas Whitman, jr. 38.

Mrs. Hannah Minot, 59.

Mrs. Sally Stearns, 36.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hutchinson, 63.

Mrs. Elizabeth Quig'ey, 29.

Mrs. Eleanor Scott.

VERSIFICATION.

The following piece of drollery was handed to us last week, as coming from Vermont. Whether it is founded on fact, or is an offspring of fancy, we cannot ascertain. We guess, that it will appear to some of our readers, as it does to us, *too long*; but expect it will excite a pleasurable smile.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

JONATHAN'S JOURNEY TO BOSTON.

Last Sunday, you know, I was just twenty-one;
On Monday, a *freeman* I rose with the sun,
Resolving to Boston to walk, ride, or run,
Where I never had been to see fashions and fun.

I trudg'd all the way with my clothes on my back,
And a few little notions, snug in my knapsack,
Ten dollars in bills in my pocket book, whack!
I enclos'd, and my pocket some change did not lack.

As I went along downward, of knowledge a seeker,
The land was more clear'd, barns and houses look'd sleeker,
And the further I went, they charg'd more for their liquor,
Which I found still grew stronger and me deme high quicker.

March 7th. P. M. sun half an hour high,
As near as I guess'd 'neath the dark, cloudy sky,
Fam'd Boston appear'd with its steeples just by,
And I pass'd o'er the neck, with a wonder-struck eye.

For their houses are high as a dozen of ours,
And long, as from our house to grandfather Bower's,
On both sides the road, too, they stand, like great towers,
They must have been built by the old giants' powers.

Here I thought in my soul, there was old Nick to pay,
Such crowds in a hurry were passing each way,
It seem'd from the country was running each sleigh,
And folks all from Boston were running away.

I elbow'd along, through fatigue, mud and care,
I cannot tell how, and I cannot tell where,
Till I came to a sign post, rais'd high in the air,
With a sign, that gave notice a tavern was there.

I enter'd the door, for a lodging I ax'd,
For which the bar keeper a pistareen tax'd;
I told him 'twas high for my old leather purse—

"Go further," said he, "then, where you may fare worse."

I said I was stir'd, so agreed I would stay,
And down on the nail he demanded the pay,
I paid him, and quickly aside laid my pack,
And in front of the fireplace stood warming my back;

And kept off the heat from those seated around,
Till burnt to a crisp I my pantaloons found.
I marvell'd at that!—for the back log was stone,

The forestick was iron, with dirt laid thereon,

They there call it *peat*—it gave a queer smell,

Still the fire was as hot as—I don't know to tell.

I now 'gan to stamp and to caper about;
The company set up a giggle and shout;

When, out of the door, what a horrible noise arose from the throats of men, women and boys,
From ringing of bells, and from rattling of engines,
And people all running, like fury and vengeance!

I ran with the others, like one in amaze,
And saw a great building all in a light blaze.
I tried to run from it—'twas now light as day—

But such was the crowd, I could not get away.

A great bunch of people, stood, at the fire staring,
Some right in the midst on't were ripping and tearing;

Some goods from the shops and the houses were bearing;
Some crying, some laughing some praying, some swearing.

Now men, with long poles, took the folks by their clothes,
And plac'd a whole snarl all along in two rows,
And made them hand buckets, of leather I s'pose,

And halloo'd, "herewater is coming, here goes."

And now from full many a great *lengthy* squirt,
The water in torrents began for to spirt,
Which wet all the buildings—and me to my shirt—

I thought it "would do as much damage as hurt."

But soon I found out, that so great was its power,

It put out the fire, like a great thunder shower,
So they got it subdu'd in the course of an hour,
And homeward again they began for to scour.

But now I found out to my sorrow and cost,
To and fro, here and there, by the crowd being lost,

When many a street, lane and alley I'd crost,
That, in the confusion, myself I had lost.

I rambled about in a piteous plight,
Half dead with fatigue, shame, sorrow and fright;

'Till at length I discover'd 'twas growing day light,

And tow'r'd Boston neck one directed me right.

So, after a long and a tedious trudging,
I found out the place, where I paid for my lodging,

And ventur'd the bar room again just to dodge in,

Though the bar keeper took my long absence in dudgeon.

I told him, says I, "let me now have my pack,

And quick to Varmount, I will take myself back."

"Here take it," says he, "give us none of your slack;"

So I took it, and homeward I steer'd in a crack.

Such being the noise, and confusion in town,

Near father and mother I'll fix myself down,

Take care of the farm—wed fair Molly Brown,—

And live 'till I die, a plain good-hearted clown.

Down, down, down DERRY DOWN.

EXTR. ACT.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,

Good bad, rich, poor, much-read, not read at all?

Them and their works in the same class you'll find;

They are the mere waste paper of mankind.

FRANKLIN.